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PAUL to TIMOTHY
AN EPISTLE

BY *Winkworth*
ROBERT W. NORWOOD 1879-1932.

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A Mary Yunes

To Laura Yunes

from his friend &
dear student,

Alb. N. Yunes

Yunes 1914

Paul to Timothy

The long day ends at last, O Timothy,
And I, Paul, prisoner of Jesus Christ,
Wait for the dark.

 Upon my window-ledge
A sparrow twitters, pecks at the iron bars
As though to set me free this night of Rome.
A lad is singing somewhere in the street;
His voice, careless and free, recalls Cilicia—
Tarsus, my city, where the Cydnus flows—
Recalls those first, far days when in my heart
No pain had found a place, and I was Saul—
Named for the Son of Kish—a Benjamite.

How swiftly Age turns back the gate of Time,
And with what eager pace pursues the path
Trod by the feet of Childhood! I can see
The scarlet prowed Phenician ships, triremes
Down from the Tiber, and Egyptian barges.

Abundant fruitage of the date and palm,
Tall, Bacchic amphora, and perfumed bales
Of Tyrian purple, stand along the quay;
And I can hear the sailors and their songs,
The strange, brown mariners of many seas,
With arms like anchor-cables in their strength,—
Oh! then was I a wanderer of earth,
And dreamed of brave adventure in far lands!

They say the Hebrew burning in my blood
Closed all life's doors, save one, upon the world;
That I, the Pharisee of Pharisees,
Contemned the beauty and the song of Greece!
How little do they know, my Timothy,
My dear disciple, and my bosom friend,
Heart, soul, feet, hands, eyes, ears, and lips of Paul!—
How little do they know!

To-morrow morn,
Hard by the Mammertine, I shall kneel down
Before the Roman sword and die!

O Death,
Where is thy sting? O Grave.....

The lad still sings!
Would thou couldst hear his song,—Anacreon?
Nay; Sappho!—He? Athenian, I think.
'Tis such a voice as that which Eunice heard—
Son of the Faith once and for all delivered—
Oft in the streets of Lystra's eventide,
Telling of Timothy returning home;
Or ever thou didst follow Christ and Paul.
Why doth he sing, and hale me back to life,
Who on the morn must die?—and Sappho's song!

Flee from this wicked world ordained to death!
The wrath of God is kindled in the sky,
And Babylon shall be consumed in smoke!

How all the gold has gone from out the West,—
'Tis crimson now, and on the Forum falls
A menace as of blood!

O Babylon,
The cup of thine iniquity is full,
And runneth over even to the ground!

Still doth he sing; and always Sappho's song!
O Greece! the tongue of Homer and of Paul
Is in that song—behold, the sound thereof
Goes forth unto the ends of all the world;
And neither speech nor language shall prevail
Upon its magic and its mastery!

How little do they know, son Timothy,
Of Paul the prisoner of Jesus Christ.
A Pharisee? yea, straitest of that sect;
Learned in the Law? ~~aye~~, from Gamaliel;
And Persecutor of the Church of God?—
Saul! who consented unto Stephen's death—
Ah, woe is me!—yet little do they know,
Who know not this: the law of sin and death
Is done away in Christ, by Whom all things
Are sanctified; and neither Jew nor Greek,
And neither Bond nor Free exist in Him,
Who is the First Begotten Son of God—
The Keystone of life's slow-ascending arch—
And Who completeth all things in Himself!

ay?

Nathless, I found this truth not easily:
In those far boyhood days beside the Cydnus,
Watching the sailors and the ships, I felt
Shame of my passion for the many tones
And tinctures of the coloured sails and prows,
Shame at the tumult in my heart at songs
Sung by the boatmen; for the Law is hard,
And presseth with a heavy hand upon
Youth and the innocent delights of youth.

Young Rabbi Saul the Thunderer, and Saul
Consenting unto Stephen's death, are dead,
Slain by the piercing of the Cross of Christ!—
Christ of the lilies—He Who loved the fields,
And heard the children in the market place
Complaining at the unresponsive feet,
And ears deaf to their piping and sweet song.

Doth He know my lad singing in the street,
My young Athenian, whose voice for Paul
Breathes Ave atque Vale on the world?

Christ is not quickly learned, and gradual
Is the progression of a soul to Him.
Hard strove I through the barriers of thought,
And one by one dissolved the old ideas
That misted o'er the mountains of desire,
Before I found that all things beautiful
Like lilies of the open field are spread
Beneath the benediction of His love.

Write this again: *There is no Bond nor Free!*
This is the Faith, and this is Jesus Christ
The Saviour of the world.

Think what it means,
O Timothy, this Faith thou hast received
To give and guard at Ephesus. Let fall
Distinctions from henceforth, and keep in one
The diverse aspirations of mankind.
Jerusalem and Alexandria,
Rome, Athens, Corinth and Iconium;
Moses and Socrates, Plato and Paul;
Isaiah, Homer, and Euripides;
Bezaleel and thine own Phidias;
David and Sappho,—all are in His heart!

Thou wilt remember what I lately wrote—
The feet of him who bears that letter speed,
As sped Pheidippides—"All inspired Scripture
Is given of God"; for nothing beautiful
Lives but by breathing of the Holy Ghost.

Force is of Satan; Art the Child of God,—
And they, who, like this foredoomed Babylon,
Build citadels cemented by men's blood,
Are numbered with the damned!

Do I not know?

Am I not Paul, the prisoner of Christ?

Creators of sweet sounds and lovely forms
Care not for Babylon; they seek the hills,
And know God in the thunders of the sea;
They find Him where pomegranate and the pine
Are passionate with pleading of all souls
That are with dross of earth unsatisfied!
This have I learned from the Athenian,
Who sings the song of Sappho unto Paul.

Gone are the gold and scarlet from the West;
Night falls; and Rome is like the Galaxy—
Indefinite with stars. A myriad
Of tiny flames are flaring on the hills;
And in those evening fires the souls of men
Are manifested—souls that upward burn
In emulation of the beautiful,—
For the invisible, pure things of Him
From the creation of the world are seen
And understood by what is made. One God,
One Law, One Hope, One Faith, and One Desire,
Are in the impulse of creative hands,
And on the lips that sing; as sings the lad
To Paul, the prisoner, great Sappho's song!